



[private] There's a lot of peace in a bouldering cave.



Chaz



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MOOD: 😞 tired

MUSIC: Porcupine Tree - Fear Of A Blank Planet [Album Version]

All climbing gyms are secretly the same climbing gym. They are just wormholes opening out in different parts of the country, or maybe the world. I'm pretty sure if you knew the secret password and had the right facial piercings, you could get from Alexandria VA to Paris France by secret otherworld passageways. It would be just like a Neil Gaiman story.

So today I went to the Other Climbing Gym, the one I didn't used to practically live at, and I filled out the waiver and I took off my street shoes and I walked around for a little while smelling chalk dust and feeling the floor bounce under my feet. And because I got there at ten o'clock on a beautiful Sunday when all the climbers are outdoors on real rocks, the place was absolutely deserted.

It was just another iteration of the Ur Gym. It smelled of chalk and the floors were blue and the walls were gray and covered with patches of tape and weird looking holds--goldfish and numbers and a few things that looked like actual bits of rock.

And I lay down on my back in the bouldering cave, on the crash pads, and spent a while looking at the wall and drinking water.

And then I scooted over to the wall and tried a V0.

I couldn't even start it. I couldn't stand up on it. But it was okay, because there was nobody there except the counter guy, who looked vaguely like a blond Crispin Glover with more junk in his face and kanji tattooed on the insides of his forearms, and he was around the corner setting a route I would have been dying to try back in April. So I tried a different one, and felt it pull all across my shoulders--but I got on it. Shaking like a leaf. Got halfway up onto the overhang and could feel gravity pulling me off it. Was too scared to push through. Everything deserted me--footwork,

whatever strength I've gotten back, balance.

And I fell off. With a horrible little squeak like a stepped-on cat.

...and I fell twelve feet onto the crash pad, and bounced, and lay there shivering in a cold sweat until my heart stopped trying to break my ribs.

So after that I didn't try routes. I just got up and climbed up any which way, rainbow route, biggest things I could grab. And when I got to the overhang I fell off. Again and again and again.

And you know what?

It didn't hurt.

...by one o'clock, my hands and shoulders and wrist hurt too much to keep going. But I had remembered that falling off of things is fun. And also that you can control the way you fall by kicking off from the wall when you start slipping.

Maybe next week I'll stand up on that route. If they don't take it down before then. But it doesn't matter, because I still like falling.

TAGS: [gratitude](#), [rehab: climbing](#), [the new normal](#)

[locked] Dream Journal

All right, unconscious mind. We're coming to an accommodation. If the dreams are you cleaning

Elvis doesn't live here anymore.

Hey there. Sorry about the drama. It was... it was an emotional decision, and I didn't

Poppets. Puppets. Poppet puppets. Scary.

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